

Gypsy Davey

Doc Watson

Oh, the Gypsy Davey came a-ridin' along, singin' so loud and gaily
With his old guitar and a lusty song, he charmed the heart of a lady
The heart of a pretty little lady

"How old are you, my pretty little miss? How old are you, my lady?"
"Come next week, I'll be sixteen, I've a husband and a baby
A man and a pretty little baby."

"Oh, would you leave your house and land, your husband and your baby?
Would you leave them all behind to go with the Gypsy Davey
Ride along with the Gypsy Davey?"

She dressed in silks and golden rings and shoes of Spanish leather
Then she got on a pony fine, and they rode off together
And they rode off together

That night, when the man of the house came home, asking for his lady
The only answer that he got: "She's gone with the Gypsy Davey
Rode away with the Gypsy Davie."

He called for his boots, he called for his hat, his pistol, and his s
addle
Then he sprang on his very best horse, and after them he did travel
And after them he did travel

When he saw the man who'd wronged him so, his wrath was hotly kindled
Then he thought of his lady's tender love, and his anger slowly dwind
led
His anger slowly dwindled

"Oh, would you leave your house and land, your husband and your baby?
Would you leave us all behind to go with the Gypsy Davey
With the likes of the Gypsy Davey?"

"I care not for your house and land, and you can have my baby
Yes, I'll leave you all behind to go with the Gypsy Davey
For I love this Gypsy Davey."

Last night she slept on a warm feather bed by her husband and her bab
y
Tonight she'll sleep on the cold, cold ground in the arms of the Gyps
y Davey
With the side of the Gypsy Davey

When the silks and the gold and the rings were gone, old Davey would
not tarry
He said, "You're not a Gypsy girl and you, I can not marry
You, I can not marry."

As a beggar, now she's dressed in rags; in her heart, she's still a l
ady
At night, she'll cry herself to sleep thinkin' about her baby

True love and her baby